

The African Slave

he is an able master of the French
and his native Country

From kinder country all that
Transport me over the sea
In yonder mart of Trafficking
There boasts a Knight an old
There sell me a poor African
There barter me for gold

No this and then to Church repair
 & assume the Christian name
 & end to thy god prefer thy prayer
 Servant of year or some
 Reach forth thy hand to take the cup
 Salvation hath enjoined
 Like Judas with the Saviour sup
 With an unhalow'd mind

There is a day approaching fast
(It lies large in the year)
When righteous judgment will be passed
On tyrant and on slave.

53v
To him who hath no mercy known
No mercy will be given
While he who hath kind pity shown
Shall find a place in heaven

I find, since thou wilt not repent—
No longer on me wait;
Since thy stern heart cannot relent
I yield me to my ~~own~~ fate
In distant lands, unknown to me
Without one pitying friend
Dragged out in abject slavery,
My wretched life shall end

When each long sultry day is past
My weary task to close
A dew drop's gently falling fast
Invites me to repose
I'll bid me to some lonely spot
Where footsteps never have trod
And there by all mankind forgot
Will raise my soul to God

It may not, shall not be denied
The soul-sustaining grace
Of Him who hath on calvary died
For all the human race
I'll in that lone, sequestered shade
Tear forth the briny flood
To Him who hath in wisdom made
All nations of one blood

De la

